

# THE LIGUORIAN



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JULY—1927

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## TESTIMONIALS

A State Prison Chaplain writes: "Your book is eagerly awaited by the men every month. I also appreciate its coming very much."

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"I feel that a magazine of this kind in a home, especially where there are several, both old and young, to read it, does a vast amount of good. I would like to see THE LIGUORIAN in every Catholic home in the country. It surely would be read with spiritual profit by every one." Michigan.

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XV.

JULY, 1927

No. 7

## Our Globe a May-Shrine

I paused in Nature's temple grand,  
One Maytime 'long the Hudson's strand,  
To marvel at its Gothic spires,  
Its leafy lace, and incense fires,  
Its arabesques of twisted vines,  
Its tracery of branching lines.

I sauntered down a mossy aisle  
But, of a sudden, paused, the while  
In unison with lisping rills,  
That tumbled down from rocky hills,  
A feathered choir hymned a song  
Of rhapsodies, from Heaven drawn.

I passed from rocks and templed-hills  
By beds of flowers—honey-stills,  
And found myself within a shrine  
That took its form from man's design.  
Its columns were of fluted stone,  
A ruby lamp burned there, alone.

The sacred silence was sublime;  
It was the home of God divine.  
I knelt within the lamp's red glow  
And watched the people come and go,  
As daylight rippled eastern hills  
With orange-tinted sunshine-rills.

And then, again, as twilight came  
To draw around Day's dazzling flame  
The sable shade of starry night,  
I watched, aglow with keen delight  
The throngs that laid their pearls of love  
At Mary's shrine—sweet Mystic Dove.

And so in nature's woodland shrine,  
As in the fanes of man's design,  
High honor and eternal love  
Are wafted to that throne above,  
Where near to God His Mother stands—  
The May-Queen of all earthly lands.

—J. A. Laicher, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### VACATION TIME

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss.R.

It was the last meeting of the Sacred Heart League before the boys left college for their summer vacation. They were boys any mother would be proud of—clean, strong, red-blooded boys, over-bubbling with the energy and enthusiasm and irresponsibility of young manhood. And, withal, they were developing, in this Catholic college, a fair amount of self-restraint. At least, they generally controlled their animal spirits sufficiently to pass their tests and say their prayers. Father Casey liked these boys. The conference finished, he stopped for a chat on the campus and was soon surrounded by a noisy, jostling group.

"There she goes," cried Frank, as the "Limited" whistled for the crossing. "Three days more and I'll be aboard bound for fun and freedom. Oh, boy!"

"I'm going to motor home," said Claud. "Dad comes to make this place and pick me up when he is finished."

"I'll have motoring a-plenty before the frost is on the pumpkin." The tone in which Frank made this statement showed plainly that he was hankering for somebody to ask how and where. Father Casey charitably did him that favor.

"I and three other fellows from my home town," he replied, "are going to buy a second-hand car and drive out to California. We'll go the northern route through Yellowstone Park and Glacier Park and take in Grand Canyon on the way back."

"Wouldn't I give my Latin pony for a trip like that!" And Louis looked hungrily at the companion whose luck he envied.

"There is one thing I would not give," said Leonard, "and that is the little Sheba who has engaged to be my fair lady during this vacation. Oh, what dances and parties and swims and canoe rides. Picture us, Frank, down at the beach under the harvest moon, with the ripples breaking at our feet. When you are bucking sand storms on the Mojave Desert, picture us. The cooling thought will refresh you."

"Congratulations, old man. I saw her when she was here with your sister. I will admit that she was not hard to look at."

"And as good as she's pretty, you know, quite so," quoted Frank.



"Take your Shebas and your Grand Canyons, and welcome," said Arthur. "Me for the north woods with my rod and gun. I have a two months reservation in the spot where game is thickest and fish are hungriest."

At that point they were joined by St. Mary's favorite fullback.

"Poor Tom," they sang, "he must work while others play. Poor Tom. Poor Tom."

"Yes, at a job of good hard manual labor in the open. And you bloated plutocrats will be borrowing from me next year—as per usual."

When all had finished recounting their respective prospects, Father Casey had his turn.

"Frank, are they good clean Catholic boys—the boys who are going with you in that trip to the West?"

"Catholics? Let me see. No, I think not. Oh, yes, one is—Bill—a Catholic after a fashion."

"And the young lady, Leonard, is she a practical Catholic?"

"She is a good straight girl, Father. I am sure of that, because my sister chums with her, and my sister would never chum with any other kind. Is she a Catholic? I don't know. I guess not, though, otherwise I should have heard her say something about it."

"And your hunting lodge in the north woods, Arthur? How far is it from the church?"

"To be frank with you, Father, it might be a hundred miles for all I know."

"And so no Confession or Communion—not even Mass on Sunday, until you come back to college again?"

"Gee, Father, you can't always find good hunting next door to a church."

Thereupon the other two hastened to justify themselves also.

"There is no harm in running around a little with a nice girl, even though she does not happen to be a Catholic," said Leonard.

"And you can't miss a chance to see America first, sitting down waiting for three exemplary Catholics to come along and make the offer," said Frank.

"I am not saying that you would necessarily be doing wrong by taking wholesome and needed recreation in a place where you could not go to Mass on Sunday, if there were no other good location available, or by taking a long motor trip with non-Catholics, if you could

not find Catholic companions, or by enjoying innocent amusements with a young lady not of your faith, if she were the only one you could get. I am not saying that you would necessarily be doing wrong, but in one thing all three of you certainly did wrong."

"What is that, Father?"

"In not prizing your faith enough even to care. Your holy faith ought to be the biggest thing in your life."

"Father, it is."

"No, it is not. The biggest thing in your life could not be left entirely out of consideration while planning such an important period as your three months vacation."

"Oh, we did not mean to leave it out. We intended to do the best we could to live up to our faith under the circumstances."

"You did not intend anything of the kind. You did not so much as give it a thought."

"But surely, Father, you do not require us to be so narrow as to go through life trying to have dealings with none but Catholics. If I were selling tractors, you would not have me begin by asking the prospect whether he had made his Easter Duty. Tom here, who is going to work during the vacation, cannot be sure that every telephone line-man they send out with him will be a Knight of Columbus in good standing."

"Did you hear me ask Tom whether his fellow workmen were Catholics?"

"No, Father, you did not ask Tom. Why, then, pick on us?"

"Because there is a difference between work and play, between business and pleasure. I should, of course, expect even Tom, as a sensible Christian who knows the value of his immortal soul, to be assured, before accepting that job, that he would be able to go to Mass on Sundays and that he would be exposed to no extraordinary dangers to faith or morals. I expect you all to do as much when you take up your life work."

"In other words, we are not supposed to bring our religion into our business."

"You are supposed to bring your religion everywhere; otherwise it is hypocrisy, not religion. Religion is right thinking and right living. You must bring your religion everywhere, but not thrust it on others."

"Then it is the same whether it is a matter of business or a matter of pleasure."

"Yes," returned the priest, "with this distinction: you must give more attention to religion in choosing your pleasures than in choosing your business associates."

"Why?"

"One reason is because you have more freedom of choice in the former."

"And what is the other reason?" asked Leonard who was never satisfied with half answers.

"Because ten times more people lose their souls on account of their pleasures than on account of their business."

"But pleasure is not wrong."

"Certainly not. Indeed a reasonable amount of well ordered recreation is necessary."

"And yet you say it is dangerous."

"I do. May not a thing be necessary and at the same time dangerous? When I had heart trouble, the doctors told me strychnine was necessary. Suppose I had kept it in a shoe box and measured it out with a tablespoon. What would have happened?"

"St. Mary's would have had a new rector."

"Yes, the remedy, which was prescribed to cure my body, would have killed it. I should be a fool or a knave for not exercising prudence and caution in regard to such a dangerous matter. Now, pleasure, recreation, is a necessary but dangerous remedy. If you use it with thoughtlessness and irresponsibility, you will end by killing your soul instead of benefiting it."

"Father," said Leonard, "I will not be a hypocrite and make a promise I am not going to keep. I should like to be straight and decent during vacation just the same as at any other time. But I must and will have fun. That fun is going to break through my weak guard and lead me into sin before I am home a week. I don't like to admit this, but I know it to be a fact. And so the rest of vacation will be spent in sin."

"And when vacation is over?"

"I shall come back here feeling like a whipped pup. I'll go to Father Sylvester with a long, ugly story and try hard to have sorrow and a firm purpose of amendment, because I understand very well that my Confession is worthless otherwise."

"And suppose you meet with a sudden death during vacation?"

"If that should happen—I sincerely trust that it will not—I shall go to hell and curse myself during all eternity for losing my soul for the sake of a few weeks of fun which was disgusting to me even while I seemed to be enjoying it."

"And you are willing to run such a deadly risk?"

"No, I am not willing now. But I know myself well enough to foresee what is going to happen after I get home. I am a fool for taking such a chance, but I shall end by taking it. I hope God will not let anything happen to me. Then I shall come back again. While I am here, I believe I do my work fairly well. Finally I shall get through college creditably and try to be a good man."

"My boy, you cannot get through college creditably if you flunk in the most important subject."

"What is that?"

"Character building. That is the essential work of the college. All else is secondary. We are trying to teach you to master yourself. You frankly admit you are not doing it. Vacation time is the test. The vacation test is as vital to college training as the scholastic year. When that time comes, you flunk. Your college work is a failure."

The group, now grown silent and attentive, looked at Leonard. Evidently he was stating the case of some among them more pointedly than they had the courage to do. After a pause he said:

"Father, I said nothing but the unvarnished truth. I see it pains you. You cannot regret it more than I do myself. If you can give me a remedy, for God's sake, give it."

"Leonard, I have often pointed out the remedy. It did not impress you at the time for you were not so keenly alive to its urgency as you are at this moment. Listen. You must strengthen your defense and you must weaken the attack. You can strengthen your defense by prayer and Holy Communion. You are faithful to them here in college, but you neglect them during vacation when they are ten times more necessary. You can weaken the attack by care in choosing and restraining your pleasures. Choose plenty of wholesome outdoor sports with decent young men. During your resting periods read good books. They will interest you, at the same time improving your mind and fostering a habit of priceless worth. Avoid the amusements which would take you away from these two pursuits and become a danger to your soul. Follow this advice, then you will come back to

us alert, clean, strong, sound, capable, and you will say it was the happiest vacation you ever spent," said Father Casey.

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### THE TEST OF RESULTS

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When there is question of choosing a school for the Catholic boy or girl, a decisive factor for intelligent parents would be efficiency. Are the Catholic schools equal to others in efficiency? This is a matter too vague or too wide for an ordinary person to decide offhand. But results tell. Pupils of Catholic schools all over the land can hold and have held their own and more in public competitions of all kinds.

As a case in point we call attention to the National Republic's Essay Contest on the American Constitution, just recently conducted. Pupils from public, parochial and private schools in every state competed. Catholic school pupils carried off more than their share of the prizes.

They won second and fourth places in the "grand awards" for essays submitted by any high school student of the United States or its possessions, and fourth place in the "grand awards" for graded schools.

Awards were also made by States, and in Florida, Louisiana, Nebraska, Rhode Island, Utah, and Wisconsin, Catholic school pupils won first place among high school and graded school pupils.

In California, Connecticut, Illinois and Maryland, pupils of Catholic schools were awarded first place for essays submitted by high school students.

In the District of Columbia, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota and New York, Catholic school pupils took first place among graded school pupils.

And a number of schools received honorable mention as "schools submitting exceptionally fine exhibits."

And so we refer back to the old question: Why?

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"He is a hard man who is only just, and he is a sad man who is only wise." True; for the human element is lacking. A just man must try to be also a bit mellow and forgiving and merciful. A wise man must be sociable, playful and jolly.

## The Student Abroad

### DAMASCUS TO GENESARETH

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Traveling to Damascus from the coast was not without its thrills during the past year when the French forces in Syria were busily engaged in checking the inroads of bandits from the mountains and quelling the revolt of the Druse in the Hauran, to the east. Every coach in the train had its group of fierce-looking soldiers equipped with rifles and full bandoliers. At the rear of the train, an armored car was attached. Evidently it was not there for mere ornament, for its single gun and its crew were constantly on the alert. French officers of various Syrian divisions, burned brown by the fierce sun, were in charge, but occasionally, other officers wearing a large furry hat and calling themselves Circassians, seemed to have some sort of authority. Unlike the English in Palestine and Egypt, the French retain their usual short-visored *kepis* or uniform cap, instead of adopting the tropical helmet which is so much handier and safer in the terrific heat. In addition to the motley assortment of military, negro troops, Arabs, Syrians, and occasional French, the train carried a collection of passengers that would seem to represent practically every race under the sun. The pale European tourist, the unkempt native from the mountains, the better class native either in fez or in Bedouin veil with the familiar ring of weighted camel-hair to hold it securely on the head; all filled the hot compartments and corridors and windows of the train. As the train, in making the descent from the crest of the Anti-Lebanon range which had been passed in the journey east from Beirouth, circled back and forth around hair-pin curves similar to those to be found on the transcontinental lines traversing the Rocky Mountains in North America, from any one window, one could see the windows of all the rest of the coaches, filled with white, brown or black faces and turbans, veils, fezes, military caps or tropical helmets. And for languages in use, that train offered at least an idea of what must have been the language problem at the tower of Babel.

Though the heat was intense, especially in the early afternoon, the marvelous scenery of the mountains offered more than a mere distraction. A Swiss from Tyrol or an American from the west would have felt at home—save for the quality of the conveyance. The Grand Can-

yon of the Colorado is here in part, with its profound gorges and brilliant hued strata of rock, its picturesque promontories carved into every kind of fantastic shape by the matchless chisels of time and weather and rushing water; the craggy heights of the Rockies are here, too, but more barren and desolate, and there is no Lake Louise hidden away among these peaks to reflect in its mirror-like surface the deep blue of the Syrian sky. But there is water, for the river Barada rises out of a spring not far from Rayak and meanders on its uncertain journey through the mountains, increasing in size and force till it passes through the heart of Damascus itself, a full-fledged river. Its course can be traced easily even in the early stages of its existence, its banks being marked by the thick green band of trees and shrubbery which, deriving life and refreshment from its cooling waters, are able to withstand the killing heat from sun-scorched rock.

The train came to a halt at one place along the upper section of the stream and all passengers clambered from the coaches, armed with bottles, glasses, drinking cups, or whatever could be found to lift water, and rushed to the banks of the stream. The natives, more accustomed to this method of finding refreshment, did not waste time over utensils, but forming a cup with both hands, dashed the cool water to their lips, letting the surplus water strike them in the face. And the wise foreigner, following the Roman adage, followed their example and returned to the heat of the journey much the better for the respite and the dash of cool water. Other lands reecho to the clamors for the comforts of life and higher standards of living; here in the Syrian mountains, the native asks bountiful Providence for water, then for more water, and is thankfully content when he gets it. One learns to appreciate the natural resources of his own country and to realize the unpardonable waste that is made of them by the experience of traveling through these arid mountains.

But the extensive landscape is not without its traces of humanity. Here and there in the valley, a solitary shepherd can be discerned, standing like a statue in the midst of his flock of tawny sheep or black goats or both, stolidly watching our train from afar. And he unconsciously gives evidence of the presence of other life hid in the mountain fastnesses, for often the poetic shepherd's crook is replaced by an efficient, modern rifle. It is a hard, cruel struggle for existence in

this region with the elements and a goodly amount of human malice adding to its bitterness and uncertainty; one can hardly wonder when the natives become fatalists.

Even the mountains that bound the very limits of Damascus are infested with bandits. The city itself has suffered from their daring raids from time to time. Now, however, the French have military posts erected at strategic points along the various roads leading into the city. Outlying farms and homes, of course, are still in danger, but the booty to be had in those places is not sufficient to counter-balance the danger to the robbers themselves. The richer shops and shop-owners in the city itself provide the only objective worth the trouble. However, since the wire-barricades and screened machine-gun posts, and more than either, the silent, but ever-vigilant sentry in horizon blue has taken his post at commanding points on crossroads, the raids have ceased. Nevertheless, Damascus has other problems, even though the bandits from the western mountains have been effectively checked.

Shadows lengthen in the valley of the Barada, as the train rattles and roars down the final slopes of the mountains following for the most part, the course of the tumbling river. And with the evening shadows comes a refreshing respite from the heat. Damascus and the welcoming portals of the hotel await the tired, dusty traveler. Within a half hour from the arrival of the train, every man of the caravan is scurrying through corridors in search of the baths. One realizes then just how crusty dust and sweat together can become; it seems as though the skin is encased in a thin coat of concrete.

Damascus has for many centuries held a prominent place among the important cities of the world and for various reasons. For us, however, its chief interest lies in the part it played in the history of the spread of the Gospel. It was while on the road to Damascus from Jerusalem that Saul was struck blind and found in his affliction his conversion. It was within these walls that he received back his sight and his vocation to be an apostle of the Christ he had persecuted. The place along the walls from which he was "let down in a basket" is still pointed out, though it is difficult to identify the wall that is there with the type of wall existing in the Roman period.

In addition to this interest, the traveler's attention is perforce attracted to the wide difference in the peoples that make up the popu-



lation of the city. All the nations of the Near East and most of those of Europe have their representations here, grouped more or less in "quarters" of the city. It was one of these quarters, that which is inhabited by Moslems, that was bombarded by the French under General Sarraill some years ago and almost wiped out, resulting in world-wide comment and the recall of Sarraill to Paris. Christians living in the city at the time, say that this was the only useful thing Sarraill did during his administration because, had the bombardment not taken place, there would have been a massacre of the Christians who dwell in the neighboring quarter. However, others in a position to know, say that it was Sarraill's lack of administrative tact which aroused the Moslem population to the pitch that rendered a massacre imminent. The results of the cannonade are still evident. Ruined buildings, and gaping rents in the metal cover that roofs the main street leading through the Mohammedan section—the ancient Via Recta of Saint Paul—give ample testimony to the deadly accuracy of the gunners.

Among the features of a day's ramble in Damascus is a visit to a factory where the famous Damascene carpets are made. It was a surprise indeed to find the factory a rather dusty, ill-lighted room, and the workmen, a group of Armenian girls. But this land has not been introduced to labor laws as yet. The struggle for existence is too intense to leave time for sociological improvements. Around the room were stationed large frames with heavy cords forming the base of the carpet stretched taut upon them. Before each loom sat a girl, engaged in weaving into the frame varicolored pieces of wool. Their hands worked like lightning and it was impossible to see how they went about the operation till in passing around the room, we came to a smaller loom in front of which a mere child was working. This child, we learned, was about six years of age. The little tot, of course, had to work very slowly, picking out the little strings of blue and red and yellow and inserting them between the base cords, then cutting them off with a little knife. It was easy to follow the operation now. The idea of the child being put at this work was easily explained. It is the only way in which the Armenian orphan girls can earn a livelihood, and a livelihood seems to be the all-important problem of life in Damascus just as it is in all the Near East. But in order to make a living wage, the girls must be able to work rapidly and exactly. This efficient rapidity is obtained by training the girls from childhood

on. They seemed to really enjoy their work, as well they might, for there is little to distract them in the sordid life passing in the streets outside this strange factory.

Farther on we were led into a larger establishment where men were employed in manufacturing the famous inlaid furniture that is commonly associated with Oriental home furnishings. All the work is done by hand, carefully, patiently, and very artistically. A pattern is drawn for each piece; the details are worked out, and workmen assigned to measure and cut the materials, whether of wood or of mother-of-pearl into the requisite shapes. Others are engaged in preparing the ground pieces for the inlay, and further on, experts make the final assembly; the result being tables and chairs and divans of extraordinary beauty. The labor is cheap, very cheap, but the remuneration is apparently sufficient to provide for the necessities of life and here, too, the workmen seemed content.

The proprietor of this establishment, after showing us the warehouse stocked with completed articles of every type and size, invited the party to his house, an invitation gladly accepted, for the beauty of a Damascus home of the better class is almost proverbial. But the beauty is all within. One must enter the interior courtyard, a characteristic of every Oriental house, to realize what splendor and comfort Oriental taste and ingenuity can achieve. Within the courtyard, the visitor finds himself viewing porticoes on all four sides, the one to the north seeming like a room of the house itself, but without the exterior wall. And that is just what it is, for the heat is so intense here, that living out of doors when there is shelter from the sun and a flowing fountain to cool the air offers the best if not the only relief. Within this large alcove, there are divans covered with cushions resting against the three interior walls. If a friend is visiting the master of the house, he is received here. Servants bring in coffee, cakes and the ever-present cigarettes, or perhaps he may prefer the more cumbersome and apparently much stronger water-pipe. We can easily imagine the lazy luxury that pervades the place, the languid, easy-flowing conversation that must take place when there is a dinner or a party given here. But as for us, our time is too short to experiment, and though our host, a Catholic merchant by the way, is hospitality itself, we are here, as he knows, just to see and admire a typical home of Damascus. That in itself is a privilege which cannot be purchased.

Saying Mass in Damascus was not without its thrills. Owing to the number of priests in the caravan, every chapel or church within walking distance was requisitioned. Two of us had to go some distance to a Sisters' convent and without knowing it, were obliged to pass beyond the "dead-line." It was still dark in the early morning when we set out, and following our directions carefully, we were intent merely on keeping to the correct street, when in the darkness, a sharp command rang out. Then we recalled that we had passed a military post somewhere in that vicinity the previous day, and came to a halt. After a few minutes of conversation in French, the sentry was satisfied, and we advanced to find ourselves in a barb-wire barricade, so arranged that a passageway was left open, but every inch of the street was covered. It was a surprise to us to find that the post was protected on the side toward the city proper; evidently this post was designed as a protection against the mountain bandits from the outside and from marauders from within. At any rate, the experience was a good example of the vigilance required to maintain order in this turbulent city of the East. Later we learned that this vigilance was brought about by the previous affair of Sarraïl. There will be no insurrections now, if the French can help it, and, therefore, there will be no more bombardments. The Druse front is on the opposite end of the city; there the posts maintained are much stronger and much more highly organized.

The last afternoon in Damascus, we made a short trip to the higher quarters of the city, and from that point of vantage, were able to view every section as though spread out like a toy town on a table. Ahead of us were the crowded flat roofs interspersed by the numerous minarets of the mosques and the cupolas of the more important buildings; far to the right, the habitations of the city stretched away like a long thin arm in the direction of the Hauran Mountains, the home of the warlike Druse. To the left, the course of the Barada after leaving Damascus could be traced by the area of green stretching toward the sky-line, but sharply marked off from the green as though some gigantic artist had merely dragged a brush across a tawny canvas, was the dull gold of the desert reaching to the horizon. Practically speaking, this region is a sea of bleak sand and rock, with Damascus and its environs a solitary island.

Early the following morning, after a difficult struggle through the

mobs thronging about the entrance to the railway station, we were off once more, this time thrilled with the knowledge that night would find us in the Holy Land. For this we had come; of this we had dreamed. All the discomforts and disappointments of the trip hitherto experienced, and there were not a few, for in such a complicated journey there must be plans that will go wrong, were forgotten now. Even the dust of the desert and the glaring heat of the sun beating mercilessly on the crowded train as it rumbled and rattled across the Syrian plain seemed incidental in the light of what lay ahead of us.

The trip across the plateau was monotony itself save for the way-side railway stations, each of which was a military post; some practically fortresses, with complete equipment for war and evidently with large numbers of men on duty. In the more important places and evidently the more exposed to the Druse, there were trenches, artillery, and barricades always placed in such a way as to protect the railroad. The time of service here seems to be long, for in two places complete athletic fields had been equipped by the troops for their exercise and amusement. Rolling hills broke the monotonous level of the sandy reaches to the east, while to the west the Anti-Lebanon mountains rose against the sky with snow-capped Hermon overlooking all.

At Deraa, a large post, the train halted to leave a couple of cars full of troops, and in the interval, passengers could go into the little town and purchase fruit. Where the marvelous grapes came from it was hard to say—we saw no vineyards in the vicinity—but a bushel basket full of huge bunches of Syrian grapes, large and luscious like the grapes from California that we see for sale in America around Christmas time, did more to relieve the burning thirst of the party than gallons of water would have done. What the grapes left in the line of thirst, was taken care of by bottles of cold beer, purchased in the railway restaurant. With water never to be trusted, and wine too hot in that climate, beer offered the only safe and sane beverage. It would be hard for a modern Manichean, of which there are some in existence, to make that trip and retain his principles.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, the train left the plain and began a tortuous descent through the valley of the Yarmuk, the river that rises in Syria and wanders aimlessly south and east till it joins the Jordan. The scenery is gorgeous and majestic, but somewhat depressing. Barren rock, in every imaginable shape and fantastic form,

flanks the profound valley as far as the eye can see. The train in making the descent has to turn on itself again and again and we are surprised to see the stretch of track we have just passed over, reaching along the side of a mountain, a short distance above us, with the stretch of track we have still to use, lying parallel, some distance below. Three times in the long journey, the passengers all crane their necks to view tiny waterfalls tumbling from crags far back in deep crevasses. Water is so rare, and the very sight of it so refreshing, that the passing of those cascades, even at a distance, proves to be an event. Over ridge, around crag, through what appear to be crannies in a wall of solid stone, the train proceeds, till finally what seems to be level plain is reached once more, and we are in the vicinity of Palestine.

After an unprecedented delay due to the bungling of an official, who, we later learned was reprimanded by the English authorities for his blunders and threatened with removal, we betook ourselves to the waiting automobiles and began the long journey around the southern end of the Lake of Genesareth to our destination on the northeastern shore.

It was late afternoon, almost evening, and the slanting rays of the sun now behind us, lit up the placid lake and the steep, precipitous shores bordering it, with a golden beauty that made it seem more dreamlike than real. Soon the names familiar to us through reading the Scriptures began to appear. Tiberias, Mejdél—the ancient Magdala—the plains of Genesareth, Bethsaida, and off in the distance the location of the ancient site of Capharnaum; one after another the drivers called them out to us. But just now, names mean little. It is the land and the water that count; for the land is the Holy Land and the water is the water consecrated by the feet of the Saviour. The sun has set and the eastern sky has taken on its afterglow of deep pink and blue and far above the first star of the evening has begun to twinkle in the twilight when we circle the last high hill along our route and swing down a shadowy lane to the hospice at Et Tabiga.

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Happiness is to feel that one's soul is good. There is really no other, and one may feel this happiness even in misfortune. Thus, there are some griefs to be preferred to any joy, and that they are preferred by all who have experienced them.

## Ramblings on the King's Highway

C. Ss. R.

A rough-rollicking boy from the tenements. Suddenly subdued and silent. The life of the Boys' Camp—and yet serious as an owl. "Are you sick, Mike?" asks the priest. "No, Fadder; not on your life," answers the urchin with a grin. "Well, then," says the priest, "I cannot understand you. The first few days here you were the wildest boy in the camp. Now, if I were giving a medal for the best boy, you would surely get it." The urchin scratches his red head and ponders for a moment. Deep thinkers these New York gamins, and their answers to questions show their powers of observation are keen. "Well, I guess it's dis way, Fadder," said the kiddie. "This is like a real home. Holy Pickshers on the walls—good eats three times a day—prayers mornins and nights—and best of all, Holy Communion every mornin. A feller simply has to be good in a place like dis. It's a real home. You see, Fadder, mom died when I was just a baby, and while dad does the best he can—he can sure cook swell meals—he's workin all day and besides he ain't very religious."

The priest was thoughtful. "But no one said you must go to Holy Communion every day while here."

The gamin: "Must nothin! I go because I like to—but it puts some job on me to be good enough. I'm putting up an awful battle and after all it's easy to be good with God in your heart every mornin."

Pope Pius X said the same thing in his encyclical on Holy Communion. And the ignorant boy from the tenements had grasped its lessons unconsciously. "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood abideth in Me and I in him," was the way Our Savior Himself expressed it.

\* \* \*

For many weeks I was acting-chaplain of the Long Island City Jail made famous or rather notorious recently by the "sash weight murderers." The prisoners were allowed to go to the Chapel to Mass first; after that a Protestant minister held forth and after him a Jewish Rabbi conducted the services. Chaplain at St. John's Hospital across the street from the jail, meant being chaplain of the jail also and some of the Sisters and nurses availed themselves of a permission granted to hear Mass at the jail.

My first Sunday "in jail," I preached what I thought was a consoling and instructive discourse to the hundred prisoners assembled for Mass. Adroitly inquiring of the Deputy-Warden how he liked the sermon, he replied: "Not so good, Father! not so good. You gotta treat these birds rough. Slam 'em in slang next week. That's all they understand. You had only two Communions this morning, and more than twenty of these birds haven't made their Easter duty."

Next Sunday I followed his advice. Amongst other equally harsh things I said to the prisoners: "More of you guys ought to go to Communion. I happen to know more than twenty haven't made their Easter duty. Why? Because a lotta hard boiled guys downstairs say you'll be yellow if you go to confession. You show a yellow streak if you don't go. Why should you stay away just because a bunch o' thick-heads and kikes give you the raspberry? What do you care for raspberries? Let them give you the raspberry. You birds come to confession next Saturday or I'll come into the cell-tiers and drag you out." They came; including Murph who bragged he hadn't knelt to a priest in twenty-two years.

But that sermon, however well understood by the jail-birds, was beyond the comprehension of good old Sister Christopher who went to the Superior of the Hospital and complained loudly: "Mother, dear, Father over at the jail this morning was very angry and I don't blame him for scolding. Just think! They give those mean old criminals raspberries very often! Mother, I think it's a shame that they give those bad, evil men raspberries, as Father said. And here it is May and we can't afford to buy even strawberries for our poor sick patients. Perhaps, if you spoke to Warden H——, he might give you some of those raspberries Father spoke about; because the prisoners don't like them. Our sick would be glad to get them."

St. Paul said: "I have become all things to all men, to gain all for Christ." The Great Saint was in jail a number of times and Scripture records a number of conversions during his stay there. I wonder if the eloquent orator and learned author used Roman, Greek and Hebrew slang in speaking to gaolers and prisoners?

\* \* \*

Not all the murders are solved and we suspect the Police don't work over-zealously in an attempt to solve some of them.

Witness Tony Idone. An Italian woman and her daughter about



to be deported, called on me for help. I went to Ellis Island, burned the wires to Washington, showed the Commissioner of Immigration a specimen of the work the pair could do—(they were skilled makers of artistic beaded bags)—as proof that they would not become public charges, and succeeded in getting a stay of ninety days on the deportation order, preparatory to obtaining permanent permission for them to remain in the good old U. S. A., through the good efforts of Tammany Hall Congressmen.

Then came apologetically a minion of the Camorra. "Meester priest—you no help no more Mrs. Greconni and her kid. If you no stoppa deesa beesiness, I am scared mebbe Italiano big padrone maka troubla for you. Deesa woman she no good-a."

The answer came quick and sharp: "Hey, wop! Git out; beat it. I know who send you. Listen—you go tell Tony Idone cut it out. If he tries make trouble for American priest—look out! I fix him quick." Tony, be it known—no matter how we found it out—was known to us as the man "higher-up" in the petty secret dealings of that particular section of New York's Little Italy.

Two days later, Tony was standing in front of his dry goods store. A taxi stopped near him. A man alighted and coolly emptied an automatic into Tony, leaped into the cab again and sped away. Whether the priest got credit for having him killed I know not. But a detective I met a week later and questioned as to the progress in apprehending Tony's slayer said: "They're not working overtime trying to get him, Father. Tony was a bad egg and it's a good thing for the neighborhood somebody bumped him off."

"Of course," I said, "it will be impossible to trace the murderer. I've heard that the Italians who were the only witnesses are afraid to testify to anything."

The detective smiled. "If it's any interest to you, Father, the guy that shot Tony was imported from Boston to do the job, but it's not worth a trip to Boston to bring him on here for trial. Let 'em fight it out. A dead Blackhand is a good Blackhand. So long as they don't bother us Americans, let them be—is our motto!"

\* \* \*

Bishop N—— has a keen sense of humor. His car is well-known and Fifth Avenue is swung wide open to give him right of way whenever he rides.



A new Traffic Officer, full of his new-found dignity. And he did not know that car. The chauffeur passes the red light. A wave of the arm accompanied by a yell from the cop: "Drive to the curb! You— (further expressions deleted by the censor)."

A muttered: "Hush!" from the driver. A sly wink. "I don't care who your boss is—if it's Cal Coolidge himself you get a ticket. Who in Halifax told you you could drive? (More emphatic language—rather profane than elegant.) Give me your license."

A glance at the license—a blush—embarrassment exceedingly great.

"Why—why didn't you tell me Bishop N—— was in that car? (recovers poise now). Many's the time I went to confession to him when he was curate over at St. Joe's. Do you think he heard me?"

"Of course he heard you. I tried to warn you, but you were too thick." And the chauffeur smiled maliciously.

"And to think I was an officer in that man's Holy Name Society! Go ahead, get out of here quick—no, wait a minute." And the stalwart policeman opened the door of the limousine and looked in at the Bishop who tried to look as stern as possible. The cop looked equally stern. "Bishop, for your penance say five Our Father's and five Hail Mary's. Now God bless you. Go in peace—and sin no more."

The door was slammed—the car started—and Bishop N—— laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

You can't outwit a New York cop.

\* \* \*

A mother sent to us by a lawyer to have us sign a plea for the pardon, or rather for the parole of her boy who has just been sentenced to Sing Sing. We know that rascal and he richly deserved punishment. Shiftless, lazy, abusing that widowed mother—finally stooping to petty thievery and even to holding up his neighbors at the point of a gun.

In terse sentences we tell his mother what we think and advise her to let the law take its course. We refuse to sign.

"All you say is true, Father, but we pray: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners. And we nailed Our Blessed Mother's boy to the Cross. And this is my own boy I'm asking mercy for."

We hang our heads and shamefacedly sign the petition. A hard lesson that—but perhaps the Mother of God will remember it in our favor and win mercy for us from our Judge!

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Contentment abides with those who have but few wants.

## A Fortune Told

### A TRUE STORY

She is dead now. They buried her with all the solemn rites of Holy Mother Church. And it is the poor who are now proclaiming her virtues; the unfortunate who are telling of her benign influence; the sick and blind and lame and halt who remember this "Lady of Consolation" as they fondly called her.

But it was not always thus. By marriage she became wealthy. She was beautiful by nature. Her manners were always attractive. Thus, when introduced into the select circle of her husband's friends, she immediately became the social idol and her company was much sought. Neither did she scruple to follow the fashions of the world. Her religion did not bother her much; she almost forgot it. She became the devotee of fashion and its fancies; her mirror suddenly became her prayer-book—she used it so often; balls and dances and parties were her devotions; novels and trashy magazines her spiritual reading, for she must be up in the knowledge of the world's latest; distractions filled her day to such an extent that she was no longer mother to her children (Thank God! she had not fallen victim to the modern evil!) nor was she even the mistress of her own household. A maid-servant took care of directing the household affairs and a governess took the children in hand. And it is distinctly fashionable to consult a fortune-teller once in a while—at least such people make it so!

One day, weary of enforced idleness because her social calendar had no "date," she decided that she might as well pass her time by taking place at a seance. The fortune-teller looked her over. And immediately the telling of the future (?) began. "How many years have I still to live?" she asked. And the Spirit-Rapper promptly answered: "One." That answer was enough. She was almost frantic and rushed from the place. Whither to go? Naturally she went home. Her face was pale; her mind disturbed. Her servants thought she would lose her mind. Not so, however. After a day or two she becomes calmer and begins to "call off" her dates. One after the other they are canceled. No one seems to care. In her distress she picks up a book—strange book, indeed—and reads. It happened to be a devotional book on the order of the Preparation for Death. (The Preparation for Death is one of the best books written by St. Alphonsus.) Its passages seemed to strike her, every one of them. Yet, the more

she read, the more she liked it. A change comes over her. No more is she the butterfly of society. No more does she find pleasure in all sorts of distractions. Yes, the very thought of her former behavior is abhorrent to her. Neither is she altogether sad; in fact, she is cheerful in spite of her sudden disillusionment. And she is again at the practice of her religion; this time with a devotion that she never knew even in the days before her elevation in the social circles. Strange, no one makes any effort to stop her! They don't care—those with whom she was so intimate until now.

With her it is now prayer and work—that household work to which she had become such a stranger during her career in society. She is again the Mother of her children—though they hardly knew her at first. And with the reception of the Sacraments at regular stated periods life unfolds to her new visions of which she had not dared to dream before. Her visits, and they are not a few, are to the hospitals, the homes of the poor and the unfortunate and the Church. As Lady Bountiful she finds more pleasure in life than she thought might be found. No wonder, then, that they are all acclaiming her a Saint—now that is she gone.

Her former friends, who had learned of the cause of her sudden transformation, came after the passing of the first year and begged her to come back to them. She was so necessary, they pleaded. But to every entreaty she turned a deaf ear and remained what she had become in the transformation.

That answer: "One Year," had surely worked wonders. It brought the thought of death—a thought most of us are trying to dodge because we think it unpleasant and a hindrance to our activities. Yet, how wholesome it was for her! And it can become so for us, too, if we will but remember that this dread visitor will come, surely come; if we will but remember that Death comes "like a thief in the night"; and that after death comes the "night wherein no man worketh," that night of Eternity when we shall reap the reward of our good deeds.

I remember a series of "sermons in one sentence" preached by a good priest some years ago. And the first of these sermons was true to its title in every respect. It was simply this: "What are you doing for Eternity?"

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Train up your child in the way he should go—AND keep in the middle of the same road yourself.

# And Now They Whisper Saint

## Chapter VIII CARPENTERS

C.Ss.R.

"I do not like *but yet*; . . . fie upon *but yet*!  
*But yet* is a jailor to bring forth  
 Some monstrous malefactor."—*Shakespeare*.

You heartily wish that Mr. But Yet's type were as extinct as the race of Scotch spendthrifts, but you know for a fact that there's not a biography written but one of the contemptible tribe thrusts his leering face into the pages. Let men rear a temple of reverence to a world figure; it is not standing long when some wretch slinks in and furiously tugs at the pillars, and, if envy were strength, Sampson himself might stand by and learn how a temple *should* come tumbling down. Christ went about doing all manner of good, *but yet* there was a Judas to betray Him, a Pilate to condemn Him, and a bloodthirsty rabble to crucify Him. Damien stepped into the living tomb of a leper colony, clanged the gate behind him, and locked himself in with the horrors of living flesh, *but yet* there was a Hyde to slur and slander him.

And Neumann—Neumann poured out his energies, his talents, his all to the work of governing the Redemptorist Congregation in America, *but yet* there were a few individuals, as yet uncanonized to be sure, who determined to find fault. They scowled at his zeal. They growled at his discipline. They howled (to one another) that he was absolutely incompetent for office. And, like midnight conspirators, they formed a cabal for his removal. Neumann knew this. He couldn't help knowing it. The coldness of the malcontents stood out like a chilly granite cliff. Their silence thundered. Their studied politeness stabbed. And poor Neumann winced.

There are some men—though they thrive more teemingly in literature than in life—who seem to be wrought of cold, hard iron. If they have a heart, it is carefully insulated. Opposition and criticism they eye as stolidly as the "cold gray stones" face the lashing sea. They are imperturbable Sphinxes that the sandstorms of life whip in vain. Columbus is typical enough. Marble-faced, statuesque, determined, he stood at the prow of his ship, stonily oblivious of the grumbles that rumbled round him.

Not so Neumann. They don't come more sensitive than he. When criticism beat down on him like hail, he didn't play the elephant-skinned stoic. He couldn't. He shrank into his soul as a wounded thing limps back into its lair, and writhed and groaned in agony. For the cup of cold contempt, always bitter, is bitterest when thrust on us by the icy hand of a friend. To hang in the stocks and hear one's own conferees raise the hoarse chorus of mockery!

But, though Neumann feel this keenly, he will bear it bravely; no one of us doubts that. And yet, those letters. Letters that had sped urgently over the seas. Letters in whose crumpled folds and faded ink now survive Neumann's pleas to be removed. All but a resignation. Snapping his sword and retiring when the fighting swirled thickest round his post!

Disappointed a little? Pained? So were we at first; so is everyone that stumbles on so sorry and so surprising a scene. Those letters—why each of them was the tear of a cry-baby! Why didn't he slip a white feather into each envelope and make it clear he was a quitter? He might as well. Oh, so that's what you're thinking? That's your verdict, handed down without semblance of a trial? True, Neumann practically resigned; but there is an answer to the "why?" that forms itself perplexedly on every lip. He stepped down from his high post, not to save himself from criticism but to save his Province from a serious evil. Here was a murmuring minority refusing him, their superior, whole-hearted allegiance. Possibly, their hostility was personal; probably, they would stand loyal behind another. And friction would cease. And the smooth-running Province would leap into its proper efficiency. Enough. Neumann stepped down—in favor of a man whose very name was enough to awe the malcontents—Very Rev. Bernard Hafkenscheid.

We have occasionally seen flung against the western sky a big, sullen bulk of cloud that seemed a blotch on a fair horizon. But in the sudden glory of the sunset we have known such a cloud to take on an undreamed beauty, and brighten into a climbing array of gleaming towers. So with Neumann's resignation. In itself it looks like a blot on a stainless career; but illumined by his shining motive, it stands forth brilliant and resplendent—a sublime thing, a deed to admire and extol. The moral follows the tale clearly as the white wake sweeps after a speeding ship. Unless you can X-ray an action and inspect its motive, any diagnosis is rash.

Neumann rose from his chair of authority with something of the relief of the surgeon removing his gown after a nerve-racking operation. Also with something of the after-the-performance joy of the restless lad who has been forced against his will to play the king in the school play. Now Neumann's only desire was to lose himself in the busy ranks of his brother Redemptorists. "Oh, what a blessing it is to live in the Congregation," he beamed to a confrere, "especially here in America! Here we can really love God. We can labor much for Him, and all so quietly, and quite unnoticed by the world."

Good, easy man, you flatter yourself. Your fancied seclusion is only a dream. Merciful for you that you do not see—that you cannot descry the figures riding toward you from Tomorrow's horizon. Well that your eyes are fixed on heaven, for if they dropped to earth you would see the shadows of a crozier falling dark across your path. Behind you, ready to crown your unsuspecting head, stalks a silent mitre-bearer. And—though you reckon it not—your heedless feet walk right on to a stately episcopal throne. Love your hidden life while you may; only too soon will the world come rapping at the monastery-door.

There are flowers that smile their brightest in the golden hours when the flashing sun wheels across the sky. Gay as a rainbow their velvet petals; you will find among them flaming reds and mellow golds and the blue of a baby's eyes. And the world beholds them with a little cry of rapture, stoops down, plucks them, wears them on its bosom—where all may see and all admire.

But there are other flowers, chaster flowers. Not dipped in the colorful rainbow, but plunged into the all-white snows. Pale as paper, fragile as a butterfly's wing, they bloom only in the darkness of night when there is no eye to see save only the far-off stars. And their snowy petals send riding into the darkness a fragrance as rich as the most redolent odor of the day.

Thus to live and thus to work—with only God to see and only God to know; thus to bloom in virtue and breathe sweet sanctity under the lone eye of heaven, while men passed blindly by—this was the master wish of Neumann's heart. But ever since the lamentable disappearance of a lamp belonging to one Aladdin, wishes have too often shown a stubborn tendency to remain wishes. They sullenly refuse to materialize. Like soap bubbles, they swell to their prettiest and then

burst—and often leave a soapy taste in the blower's mouth. At least we are sure 'twas so with Neumann.

It all started with a lay brother and his vision. Now the visionary wasn't at all reticent about his vision. You merely had to hint at it, and presto, he was voluble. He spoke with the conviction of an eyewitness and the enthusiasm of a hero-worshipper. He was certain. He made no mistake. The man he saw in the vision was Father Neumann. But not Father Neumann, as you see him now, he would impressively add. Father Neumann in purple. Flowing robes of purple. Father Neumann garbed so that you wouldn't know him from a bishop!

The visionary assumed the solemn and knowing aspect of a prophet. Everyone else roared. Father Neumann was acid. Did the good lay brother realize he was evidencing alarming symptoms? Had he been long afflicted thus? Didn't he think it high time he took measures to preserve his wavering sanity? And those who knew told themselves with a chuckle that Father Neumann was as partial to purple as a bull to red.

Then suddenly the thunder began to rumble in another quarter of the sky. Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was accustomed to go to Father Neumann to confession every week. Today, confession over, the prelate rose from his knees with a quizzical light shining in his eyes. He scanned his confessor critically, then drew back a few paces like an art connoisseur before a Van Dyck, and complacently surveyed the astounded priest. "There's no doubt about it," the Archbishop decided with playful gravity, "you would look splendid in purple. You know, Father, Rome isn't ignorant of the existence of Neumann. Really, you had better see about getting yourself a mitre."

The prelate was bland, smiling. The Redemptorist was stunned. He gripped the arms of his chair, stared into space, groaned.

So it had come to this! The vision of an imaginative lay brother was one thing; the pointed warning of an Archbishop quite another. The general in Neumann told him that something had to be done and done quickly. The cast was hardening. Another man, not so fanatically prejudiced against purple nor so hopelessly hostile to a mitre, might have demurred something about his unworthiness and let the matter rest there—meanwhile serenely treasuring in his heart of hearts such comfortable episcopal prospects.



Neumann was too humble, too sincere for that. As soon as the warning sounded from the watchtower, he was at the battlements. Here was a foe at his gates. No artifice to lure him off must be overlooked. On bended knees Neumann pleaded with Archbishop Kenrick to save him. He wrote to his superiors at Rome. Enlisted every influential dignitary he knew. Stormed Heaven. Had novenas made in convent after convent. The good nuns always acquiesced. "And the intention, Father?" the Superioress would dutifully inquire. Here Father Neumann always lost his composure but generally managed to stammer: "Oh, to ward off a great danger from an American diocese." Whereupon the mystified nuns would nod gravely, as though they were not mystified at all. And "the great danger to an American diocese" would nervously murmur his thanks, clap on his hat, and hurry out the door.

March 19, 1852. The Feast of the big, kindly, silent man God called Daddy. And this year St. Joseph came to Father Neumann with a heavy cross from the workshop of "Joseph & Son, Carpenters."

Dusk; and along the corridor of the Redemptorist Rectory in Baltimore strides a tall, straight figure. An emerald sparkles on his finger; a bit of purple flashes at his throat. He stops at the smallest, dingiest of the rooms. Takes something from his pocket. Knocks. Silence. "All the better," he smiles; "all the better—" He enters the empty room and lays the object in his hand on an old table near the window. Looks about mysteriously, like a villain in a melodrama. Laughs—a low ripple of triumph. Tiptoes out. Silence.

Act the Second discovers another figure approaching the same cell. A small, recollected man in the somber habit of a Redemptorist. At the door of his cell something on the table catches his eye—something that gleams in the shadowy dusk like a cluster of stars against a dark sky. He stops perplexed, gropes into the semi-darkness. Catching up the glittering objects, he holds them tremblingly to the window's light, and emits a little cry of surprise and pain. An episcopal ring and a blazing pectoral cross! Like a man in a dream he rushes from his room, seeks out a lay brother, and asks if anyone has been to his room. Oh yes, Archbishop Kenrick had been there. No, he left no message. But he seemed quite satisfied and was smiling as he left.

Neumann waited to hear no more. Archbishop Kenrick! That was enough—too much. He staggered back to his room, locked the



door, leaned inertly against it, and put his hand to his brow. The hand fell limp and moist. The cross, the ring—there was no escaping their import now. No messenger ever spoke a plainer tale. He picked them up again, fingered them gingerly, then thrust them down as though every jewel were a flaming coal. They were not for him, he sobbed, not for a simple religious, a poor Redemptorist. Bishops should be grand, princely men, not little priests that hide themselves all day in a dark confessional. Bishops should be prominent figures, should move in the public eye; should stand outlined against the skyline of the times; what did they want with a timid little man who shrank from the eyes of the world? Why must they drag him from the prayerful seclusion of Nazareth to fling him before the scornful gaze of proud Pharisees?

Every nerve in his body quivered. Sorrow, sternest answer to the ancient "Lord, teach us to pray," put her bruising hands on his shoulders and firmly pressed him to his knees. "Father, if it be Thy will"—the words choked out painfully; trailed off in a broken sob. There in that tiny room in the heart of the rumbling city, in the sight of its yellow street lights, in hearing of its pleasure-bent crowds, that swaggered so gayly past his door—Neumann found his Gethsemane. And the old Gethsemane words, words that first startled the silence of the moon-silvered Garden of Olives and that have since echoed round the world, faltered from his lips: "Father, if it be Thy will, let this chalice pass from me; however, not my will, but Thine be done."

And his hands went up before his eyes to blot out the vision of *his* cross, the Crozier; and the Mitre, his crown of thorns.

Hours—black, leaden hours—dragged on. Still he prayed. Still struggled. Somewhere, high above the sleeping city, a church clock boomed the hour of midnight; another took it up, and then a third—like sentinels on the battlements calling out from tower to tower that all was well. Except in a bare little room. \* \* \*

The east was a stream of shining silver. The dawn came plunging through it with a tossing of crimson plumes and a shaking of golden lances. Up in its lofty tower the Angelus Bell awoke with a start and began to swing violently. Neumann rose from his knees. A little paler in the cheeks. A little firmer about the mouth. Looking what he was—a man who had received the grace to carry a heavy cross.

Ten o'clock brought the Archbishop. The Archbishop brought two impressive-looking documents. Father Neumann did not smile. He received them gravely, almost grimly. Document the first appointed John Nepomucene Neumann Bishop of Philadelphia. Document the second commanded John Nepomucene Neumann to accept the episcopal dignity.

So Rome did know of the existence of Father Neumann! Knew him well—even to his abysmal humility. Knew that if she merely offered the episcopate, he would quietly refuse. If she pressed it, he would take refuge behind the Rules of his Order. Very well, she would *command* it. It was not the ordinary procedure, of course—this of accompanying the Bulls of Appointment with a formal command to accept. But Pius IX evidently thought Neumann was worth it. And he was. History, alert, capable secretary to Old Father Time, can produce sheaves of memoranda to prove that.

"Friend, go up higher." Most of us hear that pleasant command rarely, and when we do we're off at the crack of the pistol. In the business world this is a perfectly commendable procedure. The book-keeper who modestly refuses the cashiership is probably as rare and as puzzling a phenomenon as the little boy who licks the spoon after taking his castor oil. We venture the opinion that you'll travel the length of the Milky Way before you find ten of either.

But ambition, nerving, stimulating tonic to the business man, is disastrous to the constitution of the Churchman. None of us like to see a man working in the service of the sanctuary with his eyes fixed on a pinnacle of the temple. We keep our esteem for the man who accepts promotion with diffidence and reluctance. Neumann, for instance. The command to accept the episcopal dignity he found the sorest test of his obedience. A decade and a half before he had seen the standard of Christ fluttering from the American shore, and had heard the bugle call for volunteers come ringing across the waters. It was hard to go, but he marched away like a soldier. Arrived in America, he was ordered into the woodlands of Niagara. That was hard, too, but he went and for four long years he fought his Battle of the Wilderness, and won the land for Christ. Next came Conscience's whispered urge to enter a strict religious Order, and he had passionately knocked at its doors. But now came the word to go up higher, to take rank as a Master in Israel, a Shepherd of the Flock, a Prelate of the Church—and this he found the hardest of all.

They loaded Christ with a rough and heavy cross, scourged Him up the steep and stony way to Calvary, and crucified Him there—and that was *His* Passion. On Passion Sunday, 1852, they hung a golden, jewel-blazing cross on Neumann's breast, bowed him up the flowery path to Thabor and enthroned him there—and that was *his* Passion. In all his life he never bore a heavier cross than the dainty, precious, sparkling thing that hung so lightly over his heart. How does this sound: "If Our Lord gave me the choice either to die or to accept the episcopate, I would lay down my life tomorrow."

Neumann said that on the eve of his consecration—and Neumann had cultivated the habit of meaning what he said.

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### ENCOURAGING INFORMATION

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A striking summary of the number of soldiers of the Regular Army who attend church each Sunday was given in the course of an address given a short time ago by Maj. Gen. Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff of the Army.

"If the citizenry of Washington," he declared, "were to attend church next Sunday in the proportion that the Army attends church, we should see a total attendance out of a presumed population of 500,000 of more than 160,000 persons. One hundred and sixty churches with a thousand worshippers present, or 320 churches with five hundred worshippers.

"When one considers the temporary character of the residence of the great majority of Army people, and the lessened opportunities for local affiliations, this high average of church attendance is all the more remarkable.

"The American soldier, at the same time that he is upholding the high traditions of service to his country, is also maintaining in his worship of God, a standard which should be at once a subject of pride to his civilian fellows."

Such information gives us reason to believe that our Catholic boys are doing their duty. At the same time we are glad to see the religious note struck by a man of General Summerall's standing.

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The things of this world cannot be understood or valued aright without taking into account the world to come.—Leo XIII.

## Peggy's Vocation

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

"—And furthermore, you're not old enough to decide for yourself. So let there be no more discussion on this matter." Saying this, Mr. McGillicuddy came down on the table with a clenched fist, and it seemed for a moment that it was not only the end of the discussion, but the end as well of some of Ma's new cups and saucers. McGillicuddy was a powerful man, strong of frame and strong of will. An old tradition has it that back in the land of his fathers a range of mountains was christened the McGillicuddy Rocks for no other reason than that these same mountains were formidable and well-nigh impassable—like the McGillicuddys themselves.

The argument that caused the dishes to dance an Irish jig on the table this particular evening arose in a very simple manner.

Peggy Mac, that's what her companions always called her, was the "party of the first part," and her parents constituted the "party of the second part." Peggy was an ordinary American Catholic young woman. That's her picture, frame and all. For the ordinary American Catholic young woman is an extraordinary creation of nature and grace. And her parents were of that type commonly called the middle class. This too, is said by way of bestowing upon the couple the highest encomiums that could be given.

"Well," said Peggy, "I suppose I must let you in on my little secret. I'm going to enter the convent."

It was no secret at all. The girl had often referred to the matter when she was in high school. Her parents paid little attention to her, saying it was just a passing fancy. Peggy had meanwhile secured a good position, was making a splendid salary, and nothing was said of the convent dream for nearly a year.

"Now, look here," said her father, "what brought that foolishness back into your head?"

"It's not foolishness, papa, it's my vocation."

"And what convent are you going to enter?" asked Mrs. McGillicuddy.

"The Sisters of Good Shepherd, Mother. I have——"

But she never finished the sentence, for a storm of opposition broke

from the hearts of her parents, and the once Catholic homestead seemed converted into a camp of bigotry.

Every argument that could be used to dissuade Peggy from choosing such a life was used; the same old singsong chorus that goes from year to year, and from family to family.

'Twas a sad hour for poor Peggy. The odds were all against her. If she should argue with her dear parents they would at once assume an air of offended love. That a child on whom they had lavished so much, for whose sake they had made so many sacrifices should now dare to tell her parents that they were wrong—that they didn't know what they were talking about! But if she should grant her parents' wishes, and choke down her soul's greatest desire she knew that her life would be filled with unhappiness.

Her father's emphatic gesture was like the slapping of the convent door in her face.

That night she cried herself to sleep, and her tears were a silent eloquence that pleaded her cause with God.

Mr. McGillicuddy and his wife laid plans to follow up their initial "victory."

"You see, Dennis," said the wife, "all this comes from Father O'Loughlin. She is a great friend of his."

"Well, he's not going to ruin our happy home. I'll tell you that," retorted the indignant male.

"Why don't you go and see him tomorrow, Dennis? Maybe he won't be so interfering after you talk with him."

After a few "kindly" remarks about priests in general, and Father O'Loughlin in particular, sleep, like a refreshing balm, soothed the troubled hearts of the McGillicuddys.

Not a word of all this was said the next morning. Peggy went off to work with her accustomed good cheer. As soon as she reached the office, however, she called Father O'Loughlin on the telephone and told him what had happened.

"Don't mind, Peggy," said he, "your father and mother have already spoken to me. They're on their way now to visit me."

Sure enough, at the appointed time, the McGillicuddys came. With a genial smile the pastor greeted them.

"We came," said he of the iron fist, "to speak to you about our

daughter. My wife and I both feel that some influence has been brought to bear upon her in the matter of entering some convent."

"Yes, no doubt, Mr. McGillicuddy, and a very powerful influence; an influence that your daughter dreads to resist."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"The grace of God, sir."

That was a good parry—and a better thrust. Evidently McGillicuddy must use other tactics. He did.

"Father, we think you are to blame for this. Peggy had forgotten about the convent until you convinced her that she ought to go. We have done all in our power for her, to bring her up a good-living woman. We never begrudged her the money we spent on her education. Now, when we are first beginning to enjoy the fruits of our care and sacrifice she wants to leave us. It's not right."

"My dear man," slowly began the priest, "you are mistaken. I did not give Peggy her vocation. No priest, no nun, no human being ever yet gave a girl a vocation. This is a call from God. For reasons which God alone knows, He selects some to the religious life. He makes known His selections through the inclination which, by His grace, He puts into the soul of the one selected. It's not for you or me to comment on God's way. Indeed, I have influenced your daughter, as you say. She told me this desire of hers a long time ago. I advised her then to wait, and she obeyed me. I have studied her character, and understood her motives. When, the other day, she came for my final decision I acted according to my conscience, and advised her to heed God's call."

"Am I not to be considered at all?" said the mother.

"Yes, mam, you received the first consideration. I asked Peggy if she were needed at home for your support. She assured me she was not."

"Well, Father, I think Peggy is too young to know her own mind."

"My dear woman, you have brought me face to face with a mystery. If your daughter had fallen in love with a good young man, after her graduation, and had kept steady company with him for the past year, and now had told you of her intention to marry him you would not interfere with her desire. You would say that she ought to know her own mind, and that twelve months of close companionship should convince her that this young man was worthy of her love. Now, her

desire to become a nun has been her constant companion for the past five years and more. You know that. Why, in the one case, may she know her mind so well, and in the other be so lacking in judgment? I have spoken to mothers whose twenty-year-old daughters were keeping company with good-for-nothing young men. I have cautioned them to interfere in such matters and forbid such love affairs, and nearly always do these mothers attempt to cast off responsibility by saying: 'My girl is old enough to know better, and, dear Father, I cannot change her.' If the same girls tell their mothers of their desire to enter the convent the good mothers immediately justify their very pronounced interference by charging that their daughters 'are not old enough to decide.'"

The McGillicuddys were beginning to wish they had not come to the priest's house. The giant, who last night dictated to God, was now as crestfallen as he was silent. But his wife was determined to make another brave stand.

"I wouldn't mind, Father, if Peggy joined some teaching order. We could see her once in a while. But she told us she is going to enter the Good Shepherd Order, and I understand the life there is awfully strict. I'm afraid she won't persevere."

Father O'Loughlin did not answer immediately. He knew that Mrs. McGillicuddy was not telling him her real difficulty. He knew that she had listened to the talk of ignorant people concerning the Sisters of Good Shepherd. The priest was never angry when he heard of unjust and lying criticism on the part of those not of his Faith. He pitied such people. He sympathized with them. He prayed for them that some day God's grace might pierce the dark clouds of their ignorance. But he was gravely concerned and much wrought up whenever he found Catholics taking lies into their hearts, and nourishing them, and pawning them on guileless neighbors.

"Mrs. McGillicuddy," he said, "you have never visited a Good Shepherd Home. You have never spoken to a Good Shepherd nun. You have never read one word in explanation of the Good Shepherd work. If you had told me what was on your mind you would have said that you thought their work was too menial for your daughter. Now, no one should make comparisons between one order and another. Each religious institution is doing its work according to the spirit of its saintly founder, and to the very best of its ability. Our teaching



orders have written the most glorious chapter in the History of Our Church in this country. Our hospital Sisters have been veritable angels of mercy to millions of sufferers. The Little Sisters of The Poor have won the love of the whole world for their Christlike charity. But I think it is safe to say that nowhere on earth does zeal for abandoned souls flourish more than in the Convents of the Good Shepherd."

"What Christ did for the Magdalen in the banquet-hall of Simon the Pharisee—what the Master did for the sinful woman cast at His feet in the temple is being daily renewed in the Good Shepherd homes throughout our land.

"For Magdalen is always with us. Condemned by the world, scorned, shunned, despised, she walks among us like one from another world. A sheep lost from the fold—a prodigal who feeds on the husks of swine. Sometimes into her heart—even hers—steals the sweet voice of the ever-searching Master. 'Come to Me,' it says, 'and I will refresh you.' All is darkness about, and the road is long and rough. A sea of despair is beneath her, to bear her out to everlasting ruin. The voice of the Good Shepherd comes closer. 'I will not condemn thee.' His arms are reaching towards her. And she wakes from a nightmare of horrid sin to find herself basking in the bright warmth of God's holy grace—a friend of His Sacred Heart. For she has come to the Good Shepherd home. Here, under the care of the Sisters, she learns the real meaning of life, and reacting to Divine grace, may become a noble and virtuous woman.

"Your daughter, my dear friends, has examined all the orders, and this one has made the strongest appeal to her. She hears not only the Voice of God, but also is she listening to the cry of thousands of poor souls. Her obedience to the one, and her zeal for the other are urging her on. Oh, do not stand in her way lest the Christ who loved the Magdalen punish you. Thank God that He has chosen your child for such a glorious work. He has honored your flesh and blood, and in your daughter's vocation, He has set His seal upon your love."

Mr. and Mrs. McGillicuddy left the priest's house, and their eyes were moist with tears.

Now they pray each morning and night for the perseverance of Sister Mary of the Angels—their own beloved Peggy.

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Do not do that which you would not have known.



# Catholic Anecdotes

## A POWERFUL MISSIONARY

An old, experienced pastor tells the following little story, which shows once more what a powerful missionary any layman can make of himself. The priest was just returning from a funeral of one of his parishioners—a man with a typically Irish name—when he was stopped by a prominent non-Catholic business man. He began naturally to speak of the old veteran's passing away.

"We were young men together," said the business man, "and were employed by a large railroad. We were carpenters and were sent by the company to a point where some great building work was under way. The hotel accommodations were very poor, so the company established a large dormitory for the men.

"There were no partitions between the beds. One night, while we were telling stories, the young Irishman came in and started to get ready for bed. Despite the fact that the room was crowded with young men who, it might seem, were not any too religious, the Irishman took out his Rosary and dropped to his knees at the side of his bed. A hush passed over the room.

"The next night he went down on his knees and said the Rosary again. Two other young men, encouraged by his good example, also prayed. I was one of them. I hardly knew how to pray, but I did my best, and I have never missed my night prayers once from that day to this. Within a week every young man in that dormitory was saying his night prayers."

## PLEASANT COMPANY

"All alone?" said Marie, coming to spend a few minutes with her friend Louise, and seeing no one else about. Louise looked around the room with an expression of surprise.

"Why, so I am," she replied with a laugh. "But I was so busy with my thoughts that I hadn't noticed it," and then they both laughed.

"You must find yourself and your thoughts good company," mocked Marie, good naturedly.

"I was thinking of the last book I read, and when you came in you walked straight through a throng of gentle knights, intent on noble deeds," responded Louise.

Good thoughts are good company, always. Our pleasure in the company of our friends comes largely from the give and take of thoughts—the better the thoughts the higher the pleasure. So if our minds when alone are busy with agreeable things, good things, inspiring things, we can assent heartily to Sydney's statement that "they are never alone who are occupied with noble thoughts"; or to Bovee's, "The pleasant things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art of life is to have as many of them as possible."

They who cultivate a pleasant, noble, pure habit of thought are laying up treasure against time of possible loneliness. "Whatsoever things are true . . . honest . . . just . . . pure . . . lovely . . . of good report . . . think on these things."

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### OUR HEROES AND MODELS

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"What's your name?" asked a priest of a boy at school.

"John," he answered.

"Where did you get that name?" The lad looked the very picture of wonder. He was stunned.

"I don't know, Father," he replied at last.

"Did you get it in Baptism?"

"Oh, yes, surely," he replied.

"Of course you did. You received the name of a saint. He is to be your patron, your ideal, your model, your friend and intercessor in heaven. Now, which St. John is your patron? There are so many St. Johns—St. John the Baptist or St. John the Evangelist?"

"Gosh, I don't know; nobody ever told me anything about my patron saint or any saints," answered the lad.

"Too bad"—thought the priest. There was a wonderful chance missed by parents and teachers. He might have been helped in youth "to hitch his wagon to a real hero."

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Making a mission and keeping a rotten daily in the home do not look sincere.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR!

It was Emerson who coined the phrase: Hitch your wagon to a star! And since that time hardly any advice has been heard oftener at Commencement exercises than this pithy sentence.

Professor Gilman of Wisconsin University, the other day changed the words a trifle, "Hitch your wagon to a hero," he declared; "Make your star a Lindy of the field that is to your liking, be it aviation or art, literature or business."

"Don't make your ideals mean and lowly; don't attach yourself to trash and rubbish. Don't become a slinger of slang. Hitch yourself to the great personalities of civilization. Listen to their commanding voices and be led by their compelling forces."

This is a marked improvement on Emerson's phrase. It makes it far more concrete. It gives it a clearer meaning. It lends a deeper appeal and motive.

At that it is nothing new. The Church has always been drumming that into our ears. That is why we have our Saints.

They are great personalities. But what do they mean to YOU?

## VOICES CALLING!

Hospital Sisters wearing themselves out day and night doing the work of nurses and help—

Homes for Aged—Asylums of various kinds—hundreds and thousands to care for—

Schools—filled with over two million children—requiring daily attention and care—requiring study and preparation—no time for self-development except days of vacation—

Sisters and Brothers—seeing the need—devoting their last bit of energy—seeing the great tide of girls and boys coming each year—in the fair June days—from the Catholic schools, call out to them:

Come! The harvest is great, but laborers few! Come for the sake

of souls—come for the sake of Jesus who died for them—come for the sake of God!

Boys and girls—stop to hear the call!

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### MORE VOICES

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They have built a school in our town and for a whole year almost we feared it would remain idle for want of Sisters to teach in it.

Every Sisterhood to which application was made replied: "We would be glad to take up the work but we cannot supply the Sisters. We are short of vocations."

In one diocese the Bishop declared he could use at once **THREE HUNDRED MORE SISTERS!**

There are about a million Catholic children not yet in Catholic schools!

All these voices call—call insistently, call in the name of God—call to our boys and girls graduating from Grade and High Schools: Come—come to our aid!

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### THE OLD PUZZLE

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No, it is not the old Cross Word Puzzle that we are thinking of, but the old human puzzle. The *Louisville Record* reflects upon it thus:

"More than eight thousand Catholic schools will hold commencement exercises this week or next; more than sixty thousand Catholic teachers will be released from their duties for the summer months. The teachers, however, will not take a vacation as other folks do. Many of them will go to summer school; many of them will take up the routine duties of their respective communities; all of the professed religious will go into retreat for a while and then devote themselves to building up their spiritual 'fences.'

"Meanwhile their pupils will take a vacation; most of the parents of the pupils will take a vacation; everybody else will take a vacation that can afford it, as well as many that cannot afford it; then next fall we will start again criticizing our teachers and schools, some of us even sending our children to non-Catholic schools by preference.

"Why?"

That is the old puzzle.

## GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO

At least thirty thousand men, women and children in the State of Jalisco, of which this great Catholic city is the Capital, have been thrust from their humble homes in the last fortnight and today are refugees without food, as a result of the latest barbarous deed of President Calles of Mexico. Others by the hundred lie dead in the embers of their homes.

Calles has deliberately and cold-bloodedly laid waste with sword and shell this entire Mexican state, one of the most fertile in the republic, sparing only the larger cities. Villages everywhere have been shelled and bombed, haciendas have been razed, and the slaughter probably never will be counted.

His announced aim was to rid himself of every man who opposed him, and Jalisco held hundreds of these, some of whom were fighting openly against his tyranny. If he has accomplished his purpose momentarily, he has raised thousands more to oppose him and committed an outrage which will go down as one of the blackest in Mexican history.

Everywhere in Jalisco thousands have fled terror-stricken from the scourge of Calles' soldiers. Sometimes they have reached safety; many times the treachery of the military has resulted in their butchery as "rebels."

Refugees in some of the cities run higher than 12,000. Every town that was spared is swelled with farmers and their families or small villagers who fled for their lives. Virtually all are without means of subsistence, having brought with them only what possessions they could carry. Famine seems imminent.

Here in Guadalajara, a central Board of Assistance has been organized to care for the stricken people of the state. It has been working day and night sending out consignments of corn and beans.

Every village on the outskirts of Guadalajara is glutted with refugees, and many have entered the city itself. Word from Tepatilan is that about 13,000 refugees are concentrated there. At Jalos Totilan 800 families are gathered, and at Zapotlaneja 200 more. At Acatic there are 7,000 refugees.

It is the great army of General Amaro, Minister of War, acting on orders from Calles, which has swept the state. His troops have been especially concentrated for the descent, being brought in from many

parts of Mexico. The government's excuse for the murderous campaign is that it is determined to exterminate all revolutionary hands.

The refugees fled to the largest cities upon orders from Amaro that all who did not do so would be considered rebels. Thereafter the villages and haciendas were shelled and destroyed, and any unfortunates who remained were murdered.

Treachery on the part of the military has led to great loss of life. It has shown itself in many ways. A favorite one, however, has been this: A group would be told to leave their homes and go to a city, otherwise they would be killed. When they had gone some distance, however, they would be surrounded by the troops and simply slaughtered. It was then reported that "another band of rebels" had been engaged in battle and exterminated.

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### CALLES AT HOME

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Notices published in the daily press to the effect that Senora Calles, wife of the Mexican President, had become a Protestant at the time of her marriage to Senor Calles, were entirely misleading and deliberately calculated to create a false impression. Her marriage to the future president was solemnized at a Catholic ceremony. The Senor being a Protestant according to statement, one party, his bride, must have been a Catholic. Furthermore, the Senora is known to have publicly practiced the Catholic religion in Mexico City.

A point that does not appear in the public press, for obvious reasons, is the fact that Senora Calles, on being informed by her physician that if she desired to see a priest before her death the time had come to call him, requested her nurse to send for a priest. Father John Martinez of St. Vincent's parish, in which the Lutheran hospital is located, was called by the nurse. He went at once to the hospital. There he was confronted by Fernando Torreblanca, son-in-law of the Senora and in charge of the affairs at the hospital, who refused to permit him to enter the room in the pretext that there was no danger. Senora Calles died several hours later without having received the rites of the Church.

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Who gives pleasure, shall joy receive.

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Would you live with ease, do what you ought, and not what you please.

### OUR LORD WAS RIGHT

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Our Faith teaches us that Our Lord instituted the Sacrament of Penance with confession, for the pardon of sin, the correction of evil habits and the improvement of character. For ages the Church has in consequence been using this great Sacrament, never doubting its efficacy.

For ages confession, however, has been one of the great objections against the Church. At all times, too, there have been far-seeing non-Catholics who recognized that confession is, even from a natural standpoint, an unmistakable benefit for man. Among those who have recently pronounced in favor of it is the Rev. W. B. Stoskopf, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Ascension, Chicago. Addressing his fellow clergymen, he said:

"The greatest implement against the ravages of sin in this modern age is the confessional. The value of regular confession as an aid to perfection in Christian living cannot be overestimated. We hear the statement that the confessional weakens the will-power of the individual. I am convinced that instead of weakening the will-power, it strengthens it."

### AN AMERICAN SAINT

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Under the title "And Now They Whisper Saint," we have been, during the past year, telling the story of the Venerable John N. Neumann, the fourth Bishop of Philadelphia.

The cause of his canonization was first introduced in 1896 under Pope Leo XIII. In 1921 Pope Benedict XV, after long and careful examination of the saintly Bishop's life and virtues as well as of the miracles attributed to his intercession, solemnly declared that Bishop Neumann had practiced all the virtues in a heroic degree, and that further steps might safely be taken toward his Beatification.

We ask our readers to join in prayer that the honor of sainthood may be accorded to this American Bishop whose noble life is an exemplar to all.

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The whole edifice of prayer and contemplation is founded on humility, and the more a soul humbles itself in prayer the more God elevates it.—St. Theresa.



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help

### IN AFFLICTIONS

The Apostles Peter and Judas sinned grievously against Our Lord. Both of them realized their guilt and were afflicted thereat. How different the results of their grief! Peter repented, wept tears of sorrow and was again at the side of the Savior after the Resurrection. Judas repented—but differently; and was no more among the living when the Redeemer rose from the tomb! One had recourse to prayer for forgiveness and was forgiven; the other despaired of obtaining forgiveness and hanged himself with a halter!

Prayer in affliction has ever been heard when directed to Our Blessed Mother, especially under the title of Mother of Perpetual Help.

St. Francis of Sales had the misfortune of arriving at man's estate at a time when the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination was widespread and almost common. The young man, being of a pious and strict mind, took the teaching so to heart that he sought to find if such were the teaching of the Fathers of the Church. But seek as he might he found little that would tend to remove from his mind the dread that he too was of the number of those—perhaps—destined to eternal perdition. He grew gloomy; he lost his appetite; he avoided the company of men. And for almost four weeks he was on the brink of despair.

One day, when even more seriously tempted than before to despair of ever loving God as he ought, he finally took refuge in a Church. Straight to the altar of Mary he went. And there he poured out all the bitterness that had haunted him these sad weeks.

Tenderly, with all the devotion of his clean heart he prayed: "Remember, O most tender Mother, that never was it heard or known that thou didst turn a deaf ear to him who earnestly besought thee for thine aid. I come to thee moved by the hope of the same aid! I fly to thee, though laden with sins innumerable, and at thy feet I sigh: O, Mother of the Incarnate Word! do not despise my prayer! Be merciful to me a sinner; intercede for me!"



Yet further he went in his prayer. He asked for health and strength that he might love God—her Son—at least in this life, if he had to be eternally separated from Him in the next!

He promised to live chastely; and to honor her every day by the recitation of the Rosary—if she would but help him now!

Scarcely had he finished his prayer when the effect of Mary's powerful intercession became manifest. He no longer felt sad and sorrowful. Joy beamed in his countenance; peace filled his heart. And never again was he filled with sadness such as had come over him that day and hour!

No wonder then that he so often repeats the words of the 88th Psalm: "I will sing Thy mercies for ever and ever, O Lord!"

Nor need we wonder that he has written some of the finest pages about the Help of the Good Mother of God to those in Affliction!

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#### IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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"Some time ago I made a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. I promised publication in *The Liguorian* if my favor should be granted.

"Now I wish to thank Our Lady. I had to undergo a severe operation. It was successful. I am sure that it was only through the prayers of our Dear Lady."—K. C., Mo.

"I am sending a little gift. It is for Our Lady's altar. I am crippled and cannot walk, but Our Lady has obtained for me resignation to my affliction. Therefore I thank her by this gift."—N. O., La.

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"Dear Father: Enclosed please find offering of one hundred dollars. This offering is to be applied in part to one of the Burses in honor of the Mother of Perpetual Help. The part to be applied to this burse represents the tenth part of the sum realized from the liquidation of some old accounts—which I had almost despaired of ever collecting. The balance of thirteen dollars is to be used in saying Masses for our deceased parents and grandparents.

"I trust that the good Mother will ever remember me and mine, for we are dedicated to her. She certainly helped us this time, since this liquidation came at a time when I needed the money very badly.

"The ways of God are always a puzzle to me, but He certainly is there at times when most needed. Thanks to Our Lady and Mother for this favor. Please publish in the *Liguorian*."—JAN.

## Catholic Events

On Sunday morning, June 12, His Grace, Most Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee, conferred the order of Priesthood on sixteen Redemptorist students, in the Seminary Chapel at Oconomowoc, Wis.

The young men who were ordained are: H. A. Meissen, H. D. Costello, D. J. Murphy, T. E. Manwaring, T. L. Melley, J. J. Kenny, J. F. Coll, J. J. Maier, E. V. Kreutzer, D. L. Keating, J. D. Carroll, H. H. Heidker, R. J. Miller, D. F. Miller, R. A. Michaels, J. F. Flanagan.

All are members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and made their studies at the Redemptorist Fathers' Seminary at Oconomowoc.

On June 6, four students of the Order, received Minor Orders: Mullen McCarty, John Clare, M. J. Huber, and Thomas Landers.

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The Catholic celebration of the first centenary of the establishment of the Church in the Hawaiian Islands took place at Honolulu, during the month of May. Though the exact date occurs on July 7, it was celebrated at this time in order to enable the students of St. Louis College and Sacred Hearts Academy to participate. The priests of the Society of the Sacred Hearts were the pioneers in this mission field.

The celebration opened with a Pontifical Mass celebrated by Rt. Rev. Stephen Alencastre, Bishop of Arabissus, and Prefect Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands. In the afternoon there was a monster pageant in which every church, parish and school organization was represented. The parade wended its way through the streets of Honolulu to the Capitol grounds, with floats arranged in historical order picturing the history of the advance of Catholicism in the Islands. Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos, Portuguese, Porto Ricans, Spaniards, Americans, and many European nations were represented. The American soldiers, who form the Holy Name Society at Schofield Barracks, were a special unit.

A choir of 500, composed of students of St. Louis College and Sacred Hearts Convent, sang the oratorio which was rendered in honor of Father Damien.

At present there are more than 100,000 Catholics in the Hawaiian Islands. There are more than 40 priests, most of whom are members of the Society of the Sacred Hearts. The Sisters of St. Francis, whose mother-house is in Syracuse, N. Y., recently opened a hospital, while the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts have two flourishing schools in Honolulu, and several small schools in the outlying districts. The Brothers of Mary have three schools, one each in Hilo, Wailuku, and Honolulu.

St. Louis College, Honolulu, has more than 1,000 students. The Maryknollers have one church with one priest and one brother here.

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Prof. Chester Nathan Gould, an authority on Swedish affairs, in an article in the *Christian Century* (Prot.), describes the condition of the Catholic Church in Sweden thus:

"The restrictions objected to by the Catholics in Sweden are mainly such as are inseparable from the preferential treatment of a state church. The reigning family and all the ministers of state must be of the Lutheran faith and this faith is taught in the public schools.

"There are, however, a few vexatious restrictions that are hardly necessary to the state church as such, but they are so interwoven in the fabric of the Swedish past that they can be removed only with deliberation. These are being removed slowly and often on the initiative of the clergy of the state church.

"It is also true that in former times, within the memory of men still living, the Swedish church was often intolerant and persecuted dissenters. While bitter memories still live, this spirit does not exist today, and Sweden is characterized by a broad spirit of tolerance and kindness.

"The vexatious restrictions referred to are such as these: The requirement that only clergy of the State church may perform the burial ceremony, and the superintendence of elementary instruction by the State clergy, a group of men whose knowledge of pedagogy is often very hazy, and who have in the past been in sympathy with the good old ways of doing things. Some of these requirements can be very galling. They are being remedied or at least discussed in open-minded fashion.

"The most bitter complaints of Catholics are caused by the statements in the elementary textbooks on history about the Protestant reformation in Sweden. \* \* \*

"There is no restriction on teaching or preaching the Catholic Faith and none on leaving the State church. There is about one Catholic to every three thousand Protestants in Sweden.

\* \* \*

A remarkable story of savagery, ruthlessness and wholesale butchery of civilian noncombatants, women and children, by the Calles government in Mexico in its effort to retain power, has been brought back to New York by the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., who has just returned from a trip along the border, in the course of which he conferred with the exiled Mexican Bishops.

"Back of the censorship imposed by the Calles Government," said Father Parsons, "there has been going on a savage campaign of repression against a whole civilian population in the State of Jalisco that might well make 'Butcher' Weyler of Cuban memories blush at his moderation. The Calles Minister of War, Amaro, has been personally in charge of this campaign.

"From Leon, Guanajuato," he said, "there came to me from three sources an account of the dreadful treatment meted out to a wedding party. The Rev. Andreas Sola, a priest of that neighborhood, had been

in hiding and ministering as he could to the needs of his flock. Word reached the Federal command that he was to officiate at a wedding. He, Father Trinidad Angel, the bride and bridegroom and the chief witness, were all seized by the soldiers and executed. Their bodies were exposed in the square, with notice that they had been executed for violation of the religious regulations. Miss Maria Neuvas Cuellar, the bride, Leonardo Perez, the bridegroom, and a lawyer named Valdivia, all very well known in Leon, were the victims.

"No word of this was ever permitted to come through the usual channels by the Mexican Government.

"At El Toro Hacienda, federal airplanes flew over the ranch group of buildings dropping bombs, while a circle of federal soldiers poured rifle fire into it. The place was set on fire. Some were shot as they tried to escape, others were burned or blown up by the explosion of the bombs.

\* \* \*

In response to an invitation from Mayor William Hale Thompson to cooperate as far as possible in a movement to interest the federal government in the prevention of future Mississippi River disasters, George Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, immediately communicated a letter to all the Bishops of the Mississippi Valley. Said His Eminence:

"A number of public spirited men in Chicago, with the mayor at their head, have interested themselves in a movement to urge upon the federal government that permanent provisions be made to prevent as far as possible the repetition of a calamity such as has visited the southern states.

"As the relief needed is one that is entirely humanitarian and such as a prosperous country as ours should undertake, I feel that we should not show ourselves indifferent to the success of this movement, but rather give it our hearty support."

\* \* \*

With a strange congregation of fifteen thousand dwellers in tents, the Rt. Rev. Jules B. Jeammard, Bishop of Lafayette, La., on Sunday, June 5, celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the great flood refugee camp at Lafayette.

The grandstand of the baseball park, where the holy Sacrifice was offered, was filled to overflowing, men and women standing and kneeling in every shaded corner of the field. The First Communion children of last year's class had special places around the platform on which stood the altar, and sang the quaint, soul-stirring French hymns in use in the old Louisiana churches since their foundation.

\* \* \*

The diocese of Los Angeles is planning to erect twelve new churches to care for the Catholic refugees from Mexico who have come to it recently in thousands because of the Calles persecution, Bishop John J. Cantwell reveals in a letter which he caused to be read in all churches of the diocese.

## Some Good Books

*Strike.* By W. W. Whalen. Published by Dorrance and Co., Philadelphia. Price, \$2.00.

*The Ex-Nun.* By W. W. Whalen. Published by Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.00.

Father Whalen presents us with two more books that make welcome reading. They are sympathetic studies of life in a community of Pennsylvania miners who have not been corrupted by the "New Morality"; but exemplify in trying and even tragic circumstances the individual and social morality of the Catholic Church.

"The Ex-Nun" carries a bad name, but the situation it suggests is not realized. The Nun never was such in fact, though she always was in spirit. And it is the self-sacrificing heroism which we associate with the character of a nun that sets the problem and gives the key to its solution.

It is worth while to make the acquaintance of Father Whalen's community.—B. A. C.

*Christian Motherhood and Education.* By the Rev. C. Van der Donckt. Published by F. Pustet and Co., Cincinnati. Price, \$2.00.

The very title of this book suggests its claim to the notice of all serious readers and especially Catholics. Loose and false ideas on just these two topics are being presented to the public everywhere—in the Sunday papers, in the magazines, and even in the secular colleges and universities. Judge Lindsey, Rupert Hughes and the like do not hesitate at all to disseminate their destructive "new" ideas.

This book therefore is most timely. There is no notoriety seeking behind it. The author speaks from conviction; he speaks plainly; he is guided by a noble motive; he speaks under the inspiration of the teaching of Our Saviour, of Christian tradition and the best and sanest thought of serious-minded men.

—A. T. Z.

*Cresting the Ridge.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. Published by Kenedy and

Sons, New York. Price, postpaid, \$2.15.

I would like to quote a chapter or two from this book just to give you an idea of what kind of a book it is. But space forbids. However, I do not hesitate to say that its short chapters on the traits, virtues and duties that make for a truly lovable and admirable Christian life and character will prove helpful and pleasant reading for all. Busy people might well learn a secret: that a few quiet moments every day spent with a gentle, cultured and noble spirit would not rob them of time, but would only increase their time for other duties by calming their minds and increasing their energy.

—A. T. Z.

*Training for Life.* By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, postpaid, \$1.85.

Character, personality, manhood, womanhood—these are terms to be conjured with. Everybody feels the appeal of them. Teachers and parents, in particular see in them the ideals they are trying to shape in the hearts of those committed to their care. For such teachers and parents the book is meant. The chapters on vocation attracted my attention especially. They put the matter so well that they ought to bring good results if read by many. They stress the element of generosity, while not neglecting to bring out the invitation of God extended to all generous souls.—A. T. Z.

*Dad's Musings.* By P. J. Donovan. Published by J. H. Meier, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

The sub-title of this book reads: "A Household Philosopher's Kindly and Practical Reflections on the Affairs of Average Citizens, in which he is Assisted by Maw, His Wife, and Dusty, Their Son."

This gives us a good clue to the matter and the manner of the book. Like a household philosopher, Dad is inclined to be pleasantly talkative. It will provide many a pleasant and not unprofitable moment.

# Lucid Intervals

"I never feed tramps," the housewife severely informed Weary Willie.

"I ain't asking yer ter, lady," he whined. "Jest gimme the grub and I'll feed meself."

So many banks have gone broke in South Dakota that merchants are not surprised to receive returned checks marked, "No bank."

"Mine's a hard life," said the traffic policeman.

"What's the trouble?" asked the genial old gentleman.

"I had to speak to a fashionable woman just now for ignoring my signals. The look she gave me was bad enough, but the way her poodle yawned in my face was positively insulting."

Her (sweetly): Did you know that the French drink their coffee out of bowls?

Him (tenderly): Yes, and the Chinese drink their tea out-of-doors.

Inquisitive—Ellen, what's become of old Simon?

Ellen—He done die wid lead poisonin'.

Inquisitive—Lead poisoning? I didn't know Simon was a painter.

Ellen—Nossuh, he was in de chicken business.

"Do you believe a rabbit's foot ever brought anyone good luck?"

"You bet! My wife felt one in my pocket once and thought it was a mouse."

Greene (reciting): I can't express it, Professor, but it's just on the tip of my tongue.

Prof.: Let's see your tongue.

Ardent suitor—This ring I offer you is a symbol of the love I bear for you. It has no end!

Haughty damsel—It is also a symbol of the love I bear for you—it has no beginning!

Jill: Her father kept a saloon.

Jack: Is her family as old as that?

"Did you bring home a remembrance of the trip?"

"Yes, I brought home a towel, a bath rug, a thermos bottle, a rocker, and a twin bed."

"Evidently you took a room at a hotel."

"No, I tried it, but I couldn't get away with it."

An American tourist, thinking to get a rise out of an old Highland minister, remarked: "Don't you think if a man left enough money to your church, he'd get into Heaven?"—"Aweel," was the cautious reply, "I wadna say that for a fact, but it's well worth tryin'."

A back countryman was paying his first visit to the seashore. He inquired of a boatman if he could have a bottle of sea water to take home with him, as his wife had heard that it was good for rheumatism. "Certainly," replied the boatman, and charged him a quarter. Later, when the tide had receded, the farmer returned for another bottle, and exclaimed: "Gosh! you must have done a big business since I was here."

Cardinal Manning, on one occasion, when a waiter spilled a plate of soup over him, plaintively observed: "Is there no layman present who can do justice to the occasion?"

Traffic Cop:—What's the idea of balling up traffic like that? Why don't you use your noodle?

Sweet Miss:—Didn't know the car had one.

Stranger (to native): Any chance of a fellow getting a drink in this town?

Native: How long you been around here?

"About two hours."

"Shucks! You must be on the water wagon."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

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Burse of St. Joseph, \$644.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,948.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,000.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$1,095.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$4,500.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$400; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$1,800.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$1,093.75; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$600.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$952.21; Mary Gockel Burse, \$7.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$10.00.

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